

*Histories
of
Joseph SmithMcDonald
and his two wives
Nancy Elizabeth Cummings and Mary Melinda Jones*



Joseph



Nancy (1st wife) --- Mary Melinda (2nd wife)



*Compiled and edited by
Hiram S. and Anne R. McDonald*

Life of Joseph Smith McDonald

An Autobiography

I, Joseph S. McDonald, was born in Belfast, County Down, Ireland, October 16, 1842. My parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1841. In 1843 they sold their home and started across the ocean together with the Saints. I was one year old at the time.

The ship we sailed in was very small. We could not sail unless the wind blew. Instead of the wind blowing it remained calm for 10 days. We lay on the water all this time and could not move, then the wind began to blow and there came a great storm and it blew us out of our course, so that we were six weeks on the ocean.

We broke our cable twice in letting it down to steady our ship. Everyone was sure the ship would be sunk and the passengers drowned, but the Lord spared our lives and we landed in the United States.

My father and brothers worked seven years to get the teams and wagons to cross the plains. We came across the plains in 1850. I had the privilege of seeing Joseph Smith and Hyrum after they were murdered by the mob.

My father and mother were sure good people. At that time my father was going to work and he was surrounded by six or seven of the mob. They demanded to know if he was a "Mormon." He said, "No, I am a Latter-day Saint." The leader gave him his hand and said, "We intended to kill you, but you are too brave a man to be killed for your beliefs. Go on your way, you will be unmolested."

I was eight years old when we started to cross the plains in 1850. We had three yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows and a pony. We were loaded with provisions and other things necessary to live in a new country.

It was a very bad year for the cholera. My father was a very stout man. My father took cholera about four o'clock in the afternoon and died about dusk.

The next morning we took some boxes and made a coffin and buried him on the north side of the Platte River. It must have been a great trial for my poor old mother to leave her husband on the plains, and with seven children go to a strange place about which she knew nothing.

But she was with the Saints going to Zion in the Rocky Mountains and I suppose that helped her some for she was always very religious. We traveled more than a thousand miles to get to Salt Lake Valley. The Indians were very bad that year. We had to guard our teams while they were feeding with a strong guard.

We could see Indians and buffalo everywhere. We had to stop our train or they would have run through it. The captain rode up about half way and stopped the hind end of the train and told the other part of the train to drive on so the buffalo could pass through. They were over half a day. There must have been three or four thousand of them, all on the run.

When we got to Salt Lake there was a fort built of log houses with dirt roofs, no floors in them. We wintered there in the year 1851. We were advised by the authorities to move out into the country and make homes.

So we moved to Mountainville, now called Alpine. There were twelve or fifteen families there at that time. We did not like it. It was close up to the mountains and the snow was very deep that winter. There were too many Indians there. There was an Indian we called Squash. He stole a little girl from there and when it got dark he said it would not stop crying and he put his

foot on it and pulled its arms and legs out.

When peace was made he bragged of what he had done. Some men got after him for it and they chased him around Cedar Valley and back through Springville. My brother was with them. They caught him and locked him up in a house back of Bishop Johnson's. They kept him there three or four days and somebody went in and cut his throat from ear to ear. They did it up right, for I saw it myself.

In the spring of 1852 we moved to Springville. We took some land and started farming and sold some of our teams for something to live on until we could raise something.

Mother put me herding cows to help things along. I herded cows for four or five years in summer. In the winter I learned reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling. What I learned has been a help to me all through my life.

While herding cows I had much experience with the Indians. They were very numerous at this time. They made a practice of taking our dinners. We would fight for it, but they were men and we were boys. So it always ended by losing our dinners and getting a good beating with a quirt.

We were herding on a dry bench and some men had made a canal just above us. We dug a swimming hole and turned some water in it and we forgot to turn it off. It ran down through the country and made it very muddy. The next day there were thirty or forty Indians hunting rabbits. When one jumped up they would take after it. The rabbit happened to run over this mud. The first Indian hit this mud and went down and the rest all fell on top of him. It was sure fun for us. We boys all hollered, "Goody, goody," and clapped our hands. But when they got up and wiped the mud off a little they came up and got off their horses, caught us by the arms and gave us a good licking with a quirt and lariat. Of course, when we could grab a rock they would get it. But it all ended as usual and we got a good licking.

About that time the Walker War broke out and all the Indians disappeared. We built a wall twelve feet high for protection.

The last Indian we saw was very friendly with us. He came to our house about dark to shake hands with us. He asked my brothers if they would shoot him if they saw him in battle. They told him they would not. Then he said, "Me no shoot you." He shook hands again and started away.

Mother gave him enough bread and meat to last him two or three days and that night he went to Stuart Springs where we had two men, a picked guard, out. He crawled up and shot one of them and the other shot at the flash of his gun and ran to tell the people to run to the school house because they thought the whole band of Walker was coming.

I was living with Mother at that time and she had forgotten her money under her pillow but all went well. For next morning she said she would have gotten that money if Walker had been standing at the door. Men were sent out to see how it was. They tracked the Indian from the house to where he climbed over the wall, to the spring and that cleared up the mysterious cause of the Walker War.

James Ivie was the principal actor in the drama that caused the Walker War. Walker, the war chief of the Ute nation, with his braves and their families were camped on Spring Creek about one mile north of the present town of Springville, Utah County, Utah. They were all at peace with the white men, spending their time fishing and hunting trade and being with the people.

James Ivie at that time had built a cabin, and was living in it with his wife and one child,

west of where the Indians were camped. In the forenoon of July 17, 1853, an Indian and his squaw came into Ivie's cabin. The squaw had three large trout which she wanted to trade Mrs. Ivie for some flour. Flour being very scarce at that time, Mrs. Ivie called her husband to get his view of trade of that kind, he being at work digging a well.

When he saw the trout, he said, "Those trout look mighty good to me." He suggested that Mrs. Ivie might give three pints of flour for them if the squaw would trade that way. He then went out of the cabin to resume his work. Just as Ivie left two more Indians came in the cabin. One of them seemed to be the husband or had some kind of claim on the squaw who had closed the trade with Mrs. Ivie. When this Indian saw the trout he became enraged and began beating the squaw, knocking her down, kicking and stomping her in a cruel manner.

While the assault was being committed Mrs. Ivie ran and called her husband. Mr. Ivie came into the cabin while the Indian was still beating the squaw. He took hold of the Indian and pulled him away from the squaw who was lying prostrate on the floor. Ivie tried to push the Indians out of the cabin. When the Indian came he left his gun standing by the door. As Ivie pushed him out he grabbed his gun and tried to get in a position to shoot Ivie. Ivie got hold of the muzzle of the gun and in the struggle the gun was broken, the Indian retaining the stock and Ivie the barrel. When the gun broke Ivie dealt the Indian a blow on the head with the barrel of the gun.

The Indian fell to the ground apparently dead, but did not expire until some hours later. The other Indian who came to the cabin at the same time drew his bow and arrow and shot Ivie. The arrow passed through the shoulder of Ivie's hunting shirt. At this Ivie struck the Indian a violent blow and he fell unconscious by the side of the prostrate body of the other Indian. Just as Ivie got through with the second Indian, the squaw he had been trying to protect came out of the cabin door with a stick of wood in her hand which she had picked up by the fire in the cabin. With it she struck Ivie a blow in the face, cutting a deep gash in his upper lip. The scar showed plainly from that day until his death.

Ivie again used the gun barrel to defend himself and struck the squaw. She fell unconscious by the side of the other two Indians. There was a great excitement. I was a boy with big ears and I heard everything that was going on. We tried to settle with them by giving them everything they wanted in beef, ponies, blankets, flour, but Walker refused to settle unless Ivie was given up to be tried by the Indians. This was refused by the white people so the Indians killed every white person they could find. The war lasted two years. I was old enough to stand home guard.

I stood home guard once a week for nearly two years, but I was not enrolled, so I received no pension for my labor. That let me out from herding cows. They sent a company of men out with the herd. I was turned into a farmer. I lived with my mother yet. She had a small farm upon which I raised enough wheat, corn, potatoes and squash to use without buying such things.

We had no meadow. I had to go down on the lake bottom to cut cane with some grass among it to feed ten or fifteen cattle during the winter. Then I had to cock it up and haul it alone. I remember my loads were as wide as they were long.

I had put up quite a big stack all by myself. When I threshed our wheat I did it by driving a yoke of oxen around on it. I made a threshing floor by hauling clay from the adobe yard, making it round, fifteen or twenty feet and wetting the clay.

I took a maul and pounded it down until it looked like a paved street and no wheat could

be wasted. Then I placed the wheat around on it about six feet wide with heads on top and then I drove the oxen around on it until the wheat was all threshed out. Then I would take a rake and rake all the straw out of it and then I piled the wheat in the middle of the floor until I got my crop all threshed out. There were only two fanning mills in Springville and I had to wait my turn to get it cleaned ready for the mill. I remember there was not any threshing machines in this country, nor mowers nor horse rakes.

When I got my crop away I went to the canyon to get some wood for the winter, as there wasn't any coal. I went with a company of men for protection. I was then fourteen or fifteen years old.

Time went on like this for awhile, when the government sent an army of soldiers to kill us all. Everybody moved from their homes and went south of Provo. For a while there was great excitement. Brigham Young sent word for everybody to make their wheat into flour and barrel it up and bury it, so when the army got into Utah we would have it for future use.

I went to the canyon and got a saw log to make barrels to hold the flour. I took it to the cooper to make the barrels and he made them on shares and gave me half. When we got the barrels I had to pound it down with the maul so it would hold a hundred pounds. We had twenty or twenty-five barrels. Then everything was ready for a move when ordered.

About that time we had been misrepresented to the government and they ordered an army to come here and straighten us up. Brigham saw that if they got in at that time they would kill us. So he sent an army to stop them.

They were divided into many companies and had orders not to let them in, no matter how they did it, and they burned everything for hundreds of miles so their (the army's) teams had no feed.

When their trains came along a mile or two behind or ahead we would charge down on them and tell the wagon boss to corral his train together if he wanted to live any longer. They told teamsters if they had anything of their own to get it and gave them two minutes.

They then set fire to their wagons and burned them to the ground. When the soldiers came in sight they would see nothing but smoke. We stole their horses, mules and oxen and drove them into Salt Lake and wintered them west of Salt Lake on the Island. One company slipped up and tied firebrands to the mules' tails and headed them toward the soldiers' camp.

They knocked soldiers in every direction and next morning there was a soldier lying dead. He died of fright, but they could not see any Mormons. The soldiers told us when they came in they could see Mormons sitting on their horses on every hill and they would bet there were fifty thousand of them sure.

Before they got in Brigham sent them word that if they would not make their camp less than thirty miles from any Mormon settlement, he would let them in. They were pretty well cooled off and agreed to terms and marched through Salt Lake City and on to Cedar Valley and made a camp which was called Camp Floyd. Instead of doing us harm they were a great blessing. There was a market for everything we had in gold. I went over and made adobes for them and got ninety dollars in gold and gave it to my mother.

Finally the Civil War broke out and the government needed their army back where they came from, so they were called back.

General Johnson was a southerner and he ordered all the government property sold to the Mormons at less than fifty percent of the value at auctions.

They had thousands of mules and hundreds of wagons. You could buy three span of

mules, harness and wagon for two hundred and fifty dollars. That was where Walker Brothers got their big start of goods to keep their store with, for they bought their commissary out.

A few years later the McDonald family moved to Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah. I was still living with my mother. At the age of nineteen years I thought I was a man. I was going to leave my family and go north to the gold mines to get rich quick.

I was all ready to go, but they coaxed me to help them go to Heber. I did so and when we got there they held a meeting for my special benefit and made every reasonable offer if I would stay only one year. So I stayed and have never got started yet.

I always think if I had gone I would have got rich, with plenty of money and no trouble, but I stayed and got married. I am the father of seventeen children and I would not take ten thousand dollars apiece for them, so I think that is more money than I would have got had I gone to the gold mines. But deduct the trouble I have had from it and it would leave me a small margin in cash.

While living in Heber City I got acquainted with a very respectable family by the name of Cummings. (John and Rachel Kennedy Cummings. Kennedy is spelled Canada and Canarda in some records). There was the mother, father, five boys and one girl. I always liked the girls the best. We kept company for a while and the first thing I knew I was engaged and I never thought of getting married; for I was going to the mines in the spring. I was only twenty and she nineteen, just a couple of kids. But we kept on going together for two years before we could agree to set the time to be married. She was a good partner, always agreeable and nice, but she died and left me alone with seven children. She died October 18, 1881. (Nancy Elizabeth Cummings)

In 1864 the "Indian War" broke out again. It was called the "Black Hawk War." It was fiercer than ever before, for they killed men, women and children. If they caught them alive they tortured them to death by cutting them to pieces and burning them with hot irons, cutting the women's breasts off and scalping them while they were still alive. I've seen women's scalps hanging to their belts. They were long and wavy and combed out nice. When they went to camp they had a long slip pole and hung them on it and stuck it in the ground in front of their tent door to show how brave they were. The more scalps one had the braver he was considered by the warriors of his tribe.

I was 24 years old then. I was enlisted in the United States Army and set apart as a minute man. I had to keep a riding horse and saddle in good shape, plenty of ammunition on hand for use on a minute's notice. It seemed as though the Indians were all gone. Our leading men thought the enemy was gathering together to make a raid on the settlement to make a wholesale massacre of the settlements.

They picked a man from Springville to go out scouting to see, if possible, where they were, and he was to pick any man to go with him. He picked me. Next day I got notice from Colonel Page to appear at Springville for further orders. Next day we started and found some Indians who seemed to be taking their squaws farther east to a safer place of hiding. We were gone seven or eight days. When we got back, I reported to Captain Wall what we had done. We had five Indians before they saw us. I cannot write just what happened on the trip for it would be too long a story. The Indians gave us a good deal of trouble in Wasatch County. We had to put our cattle all together and ten men herded them day and night. They stole our cattle out of our corrals and wheat from our bins. About ten or fifteen of the good Indians came and said they wanted peace.

So Bishop Joseph Murdock made a big feast under the bowery and we all ate with them

and gave them all the beef and bedding they wanted, because they were so good. But the next night they stole thirty head of our pack horses to pack it off with. We followed them as far as Green River and got some of the horses but we didn't see the Indians. There were just a few people in this valley at that time, only ten or twelve fit to ride horses at that time, so it kept us busy to keep them back out of the valley. I was First Lieutenant and I was kept busy as picket guard on the ridge between the Indians and the valley. We took turns, three at a time and we had to walk from the head of Daniel's Canyon to the head of Lake Creek, a distance of twelve miles back and forth every day, and pack our guns, bedding and food. It was no fun for eight days at a time and then I had to guard the herd for eight days at Cliff's Ranch. Between times I was chasing the Indians in different places. They stole our cattle out of our corrals at night and four of our men followed them over the ridge and down Duchesne, until we saw a smoke curl up over the chimney. There was some nice crawling up to get a shot at them, and there were three Indians. One was on guard while the others slept. They had killed one of the cattle. The guard was sitting on his haunches cutting some of the fat to eat, while the others were sound asleep.

The best man was ordered to shoot him and the rest of us to keep our shots for the others when they would get up. At the crack of the gun, the guard jumped up, put his hand on his stomach and started for the timber, but he fell before he got there. The others jumped up. One of them jumped on a horse, but he seemed to be in a hurry, for he fell right off again. The other one jumped like a deer into the timber and got away. After peace was made the Indians said we shot through his breech clout when he was running to the timber.

We ran into their camp like there was a whole company of men. We gathered up the camp with the horses and their cattle and started back in a hurry for home. About that time Brigham Young sent out to Chief Tabby one hundred head of cattle to try and make peace and talk the trouble over with them.

Captain Wall was ordered to take ten men from the Cavalry Company. I was one of the favored ones who was called to deliver the cattle and not to come back until we delivered the cattle and made peace. That was a hard mission to fill for the Indians had all gone east to hide their squaws. We sent an interpreter to get them to come back and talk with us and that we wanted to give them the hundred head of beef and try and make peace. It took them three days to get back where he was at the Indian farm on the Duchesne River. But there was a messenger sent from Chief Tabby which the agent took into his house and we could not get to talk to him. If we got to talk to him at all he would only say, "You Mormon dogs."

We were stopping in a government block house and could not find what was going on. But the men that came over said, "They have started to kill every one of you. I cannot see you killed for nothing. They will attack you in the morning. I have all kinds of ammunition and as soon as it gets dark so the agent can't see you, send your men over and pack it over to this house. All I ask is that you return what is left of it and shoot at them red devils. I have a two-inch auger, set your men to making port holes for yourselves. I have a forty gallon barrel. Fill it with water and pack in your wood for use."

"I have a big rope," he continued. "You sink a post in front of the house. Then bore right through it and put the rope through the post and tie your horses to it so the Indians can't run them off." We worked all night. The next morning after breakfast we felt pretty good. The old agent came and looked around and finally said, "Gentlemen, do you know whose house this is?" We were very sore at him, for he knew the Indians were going to attack us the next morning, so nobody spoke. And so he yelled out again, "Do you know whose house this is?"

I said, "Uncle's I guess." He never answered and walked on looking at the port holes we had made. When he came to one he swore and said, "G ____ d ____ , that is straight for my door." The man that owned the port hole tapped him on the back and said, "You are the first man we intend to kill."

I never saw a man get out of a house so quick and he did not bother us any more. The Indians came into the cedars next night and camped. Next morning at sunrise we could see them moving around and forming a line.

They then sent a messenger from Tabby as fast as his horse could run, right up to the interpreter. "Ten or fifteen Indians painted in black and they are going to shoot as soon as they get close enough. They will not mind me."

Al Hunting, our interpreter, slapped him on the leg and told him to go back and tell Tabby that if he came in on the run we would begin shooting as soon as they got close enough. The Indian went back on the run.

Captain Wall said, "What did you send that word for?"

"I knew if they came in on the run some of them would shoot," said Hunting.

In about fifteen minutes they formed a line with Tabby on the left and came in on the walk. They surrounded the agent's house and Tabby got from his horse and went in. Captain Wall said, "I must know what is going on in this house. Lieutenant McDonald, you pick a man and stand in this door and don't let a white man out or a red man in."

There was some excitement — every man to his porthole ready for action.

Captain Wall told Chief Tabby that Brigham Young had sent 100 beef to him to make peace and talk over the troubles and he gave us orders not to come back until we had talked with him.

"Tomorrow at sun up," said Chief Tabby, "I will bring ten warriors with me."

"All right," said Captain Wall. "But do not bring either guns or pistols or you will not get in."

Next morning they came. Every one of them was painted black and they had war clubs hung on their wrists and pistols under their blankets. But we let them in. There were two rooms with a door between. We all stood in the east room and the Indians in the west room. Captain Wall sat by Chief Tabby. I stood by the door between the two parties, so that neither party knew what the other was going to do.

The meeting began. Tabby commenced telling some of the troubles and how they had been treated. Captain Wall stopped him and said that had been war. We wanted peace. "We are here to make peace," said the captain. "We must stop killing one another."

The painted Indians did not like such talk. They would talk to Tabby and he would tell them to be quiet, and so they became quiet. Tabby was very angry at times, and Captain Wall also. Tabby told us if we would promise to kill Snow and some other men, he would take the cattle and let us go home. He would also send some of the Indians with us.

Captain Wall said we could not do that because we had laws that would not allow us to kill them.

"You do not need to kill them," said Tabby. "Just get someone else to do it for you and that will be all right."

But about sundown he told the Indians they could have the cattle. It was a pretty sight to see about 300 Indians go after the 100 cattle. They began lassoing some and shooting others.

We talked all the next day and Tabby told us we could go home now, but not to go

through the hills, but keep to the wagon road and we would be safe.

Next day we started home and never saw an Indian on the road. Everyone was surprised when we got home. Five hundred men were camped on the public square. They were prepared to start at daylight so they could reach us before dark. While on our way home a gun accidentally went off and shot two horses. One was killed and the other was left on the road and made his way home. Bishop Murdock told the people that every man had been killed. Every woman thought this was true because the bishop said so.

The night after we got home there was a big party. Everyone went and had supper and a good time.

After this I took up farming and stock raising and bought all the stock I could. I got so many I could not winter them, so I took them south to winter quarters. I came to this valley when I was eighteen years old. I have built six houses in my lifetime.

The following are some excerpts from a history in the Wasatch County DUP book, *How Beautiful Upon the Mountains*, which includes a few things not in his own history:

Joseph S. McDonald was born in Belfast, County Down, Ireland on October 15, 1842, a son of James and Sarah Ferguson McDonald. He married Nancy Elizabeth Cummings in 1863. She was born in Gibson County, Tennessee, a daughter of John and Rachel Kennedy Cummings. She died Oct. 18, 1881. He then married Mary Melinda Jones in 1883, a daughter of Elisha and Sarah Ann Cummings Jones of Heber. Joseph died February 15, 1930, and Mary died Dec. 7, 1936....

To this union (Joseph and Nancy) was born the following (seven) children: Sarah Jane, Joseph C, Rachel, James X, Mary Ann, John, Isaac David. Nancy was a helpful companion to Joseph, and a cheerful loving mother for their children. She died after an illness of 18 months...

Joseph married Mary Melinda Jones in 1883.... They lived in Heber for a few years, then Joseph took up a homestead in Buysville (Daniel) and moved his family there in 1892, where he went into the sheep business.

Mary assumed the place of a second mother to her husband's children, and also bore the following (ten) children, two of whom died in infancy: William, Nancy Elizabeth, Sarah Ann, Edna, Ina, Otto, Stella, Jennie, Hyrum, Gladys.

Joseph (and Mary) took into their home and cared for Chester Davis, Noels Peterson and Arthur Bartell, all orphan boys.

The family took an active part in their community and Church affairs, which brought great happiness to all of them.

Joseph inherited many fine qualities from his parents: their Scotch thrift, ambition and a bit of Irish wit as well. He loved to entertain his family with stories of his early life, especially his experiences as a soldier in the Black Hawk Indian war.

Mary was a patient, kind, humble woman and was loved by all. Hard work and many responsibilities were her daily companions. She was very devoted to the gospel and had a burning testimony as evidence of her faith....

(Page 831 in the same book shows that Mary was the first Relief Society President of the Buysville Ward, which later became the Daniel Ward.

Following are excerpts from a history by Edna McDonald Simms, daughter of Joseph S.. This history was in the DUP lesson book Our Pioneer Heritage on "The Mormons from Ireland."

....The newlyweds (Joseph and Nancy) had very little with which to start housekeeping. It has been said that they put everything they owned on a bed and carried it to their new home....He also owned a sawmill, in which he sawed all the pickets for the fence around the old cemetery in Heber. For this he was given four lots. He used to look at them and wonder what he would ever do with so much burial ground, but today they are all filled with his relatives.

...Joseph's two families (after his marriage to Mary Melinda) were raised almost like one big family. Peace was maintained in the home by following the rule that the older children were never to mistreat the younger ones. Besides helping Joseph raise his first family and her own, Mary took three orphan boys into the home. Chester Davis, a half-breed Indian boy, came to live with them when he was about 10, and stayed until he married. Nels Peterson was taken at the age of 11 and Arthur Bartel when he was 14.

Joseph was an elder in the church and served as a Sunday School teacher for years. He was a trustee in the school, a constable, and he carried the mail from Daniel to Charleston for a number of years. The Indians came to camp in Joseph's pasture every summer for years after the Black Hawk war was over. At one time, when Joseph was very ill, three old Indians came and camped until he had improved. After being blind for a number of years and bedridden for one, Joseph died February 15, 1930 at the age of 88. Mary died December 7, 1935 at 72. Joseph and his two wives are buried side by side in the Heber Cemetery...

Patriarchal Blessing of Joseph McDonald

January 18, 1856

*Blessing of Joseph McDonald, son of James and Sarah Ferguson McDonald,
born in Belfast, Ireland, October 15, 1842.*

Joseph, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon your head and say let the spirit of the eternal god rest upon thee. Thou art of the seed of Abraham and of the lineage of Ephraim. Thou has listed in thy youth in a great and glorious work. Thou shalt grow into the principles of life and salvation and become a mighty man in Israel. The Lord is pleased with thee because thou hast embraced the new and everlasting covenant in thy youth and his watchful care has been over thee and will continue to be over thee in as much as thou shalt keep his laws and commandments.

He has chosen thee for a wise and glorious purpose, and thy name is enrolled in the lambs blood of life and in as much as thou art faithful, thou shalt grow up as a sturdy oak by the rivers of waters and thou shalt be ordained to proclaim His name among the sons and daughters of men.

Thy mother's watchful care shall be over thee and thy brothers and sisters shall give council in righteousness. The Holy Angels shall rejoice over thee by day and by night. The power shall fill the mind with light and intelligence of Heaven. Thou shalt have power to pull down the strong of sin and Satan.

I seal upon thee blessings of health and long life for thou shalt do much good in the church and Kingdom. Thou shalt assist in redeeming the connections of the Mother and Father and assist in gathering all their seed to the latest generation. If thou wilt obey the council of the leaders, thou shalt be blessed with all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant and thou shalt rejoice with all connections in the kingdom of thy God. In case thou shalt prove faithful, no blessings either spiritual or temporal shall be withheld from thee. I seal thee up unto eternal life in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Pictures of Joseph S. McDonald and His Home in Daniel, Utah



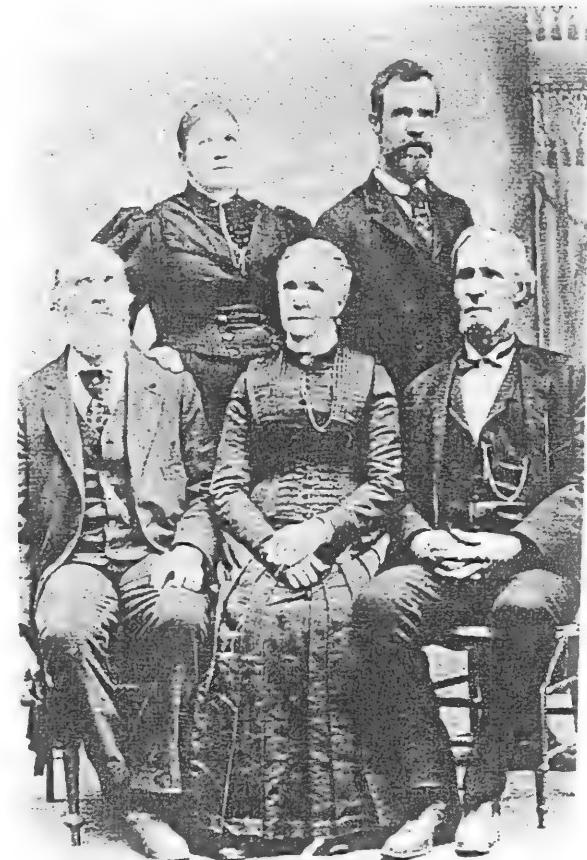
Five Generation Picture



Front Row: Joseph S. McDonald
(1), Juanita Ione Weindenheimer (5),
Joseph C McDonald (2)

Back Row: Annie McDonald
Winderheimer (4), George Clarence
McDonald (3)

Brothers and Sisters of Joseph S.



Front Row: William, Jane, John
Back Row: Mary, Joseph S.

Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald

(Excerpts from Ila Maughan's book,

James McDonald-Sarah Ferguson,

Their progenitors and their posterity)

Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald (our progenitor) was born Sept. 7, 1843 at Nauvoo, Illinois, the fourth daughter and sixth child born to John and Rachel Canada Cummings. There is a question among family members whether her maiden name was "Canada," "Canarda," or "Kennedy." She was one of 10 children born to the couple.

The parents and the first five of their children were contented in Gibson County, Tennessee, until they heard the gospel message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which they accepted readily even though to do so meant persecution from erstwhile friends and neighbors. Thorough preparations were made in secret, and in 1842 John and Rachel with their five little children, all under eight years of age, slipped quietly away to join with the saints in Nauvoo.

Nancy Elizabeth was born there in 1843, and like Joseph Smith McDonald, her future husband, she was too young to understand the suffering and sacrifice that prevailed. The Cummings family was among those expelled from Nauvoo in 1846.

They crossed the state of Iowa that year and established themselves at Gallows Grove about five miles from Kanesville, which was adjacent to Council Bluffs. They remained there five years. Then in the spring of 1852 they were among the 365 saints of Pottawattamie County whom Jedediah M. Grant organized in readiness to cross the plains. Under direction of John Maxwell they started for Zion on June 24, 1852, the 16th group to depart that spring. As a part of the section led by Uriah Curtis, they arrived in Great Salt Lake City Oct. 1, 1852.

The mountain wilderness seethed with immigrants. Ten thousand saints had crossed the plains that summer. After a brief rest, the Cummings family moved on to Provo where they arrived Oct. 12, 1852.

Nine years later the Cummings family joined with those who had begun the colonization of Provo Valley, now known as Heber City. They built their one-room log home, which later boasted a "lean-to," on the west side of what is now Main Street between Third and Fourth North. They had only 15 acres of land under cultivation. One of their descendants wrote: "Material wealth was never allotted them. Their riches were found in mutual love and contentment."

As a product of this happy environment, Nancy Elizabeth was a radiant girl of 18 years when Joseph Smith McDonald and his mother arrived in the valley. A courtship sprang up immediately and in 1863 the wedding of Nancy Elizabeth and Joseph afforded occasion for celebration. They had little of worldly goods to begin their married life together, but with determination and youthful energy they were soon comfortable in their new cabin, and they prospered with the years.

Married life was eventful for Nancy, but relatively short. In her 18 years as a wife she bore seven children, all of whom grew to adulthood. Only two months after her 36th birthday in 1881 Nancy died.

Patriarchal Blessing of Nancy Cummings

Provo, Utah, Dec. 13, 1858

*A patriarchal Blessing by I. Morley on the head of
Nancy Cummings, daughter of John and Rachel Cummings
born Sept. 7, 1843 in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Ill.*

Sister Nancy, We unitedly lay our hands upon your head to bless thee and by the authority of the Priesthood we do place our hands upon your head for thou art beloved by thy parents. Hearken to their counsel and the blessings of life will be given thee for thy enjoyment and thou wilt dwell long upon the earth to enjoy the seal of the Priesthood. Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of the holy ordinances which will convey to their minds thy obligations, the duties thou wilt owe to thy Creator and to thy brethren. Thou shalt be blessed with an intelligent mind with the gift of usefulness.

Apply thy mind unto wisdom and thy dwelling shall be peace. The time will come when heavenly messengers will visit thee. Thy children will raise up and bless thee. Thy table will be crowded with the fruits of the earth. In thy exaltation eternal lives will be thy glory. We ratify it in the name of Jesus. Even so, Amen

Signed-----I. Morley

HUSBAND Joseph Smith McDonald

Birth 15 Oct 1842
 Place Belfast, County Down, Ireland
 Chr.
 Married 1862
 Place
 Death 15 Feb 1930
 Burial Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Father James McDonald
 Mother* Sarah Ferguson
 Other Wives (if any)

**WIFE¹** Nancy Elizabeth Cummings

Birth 7 Sept 1843
 Place Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois
 Chr.
 Death 18 Oct 1881
 Burial Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Father John Cummings
 Mother* Rachel Canada
 Other Hus. (if any)-



Where was information obtained?
 *List complete maiden name for all females.

**1st Child** Sarah Jane McDonald

Birth 25 Dec 1864
 Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Married to James Alfred Shelton
 Married 30 Nov 1882
 Place
 Death 14 Aug 1908

**6th Child** John McDonald

Birth 26 Feb 1876
 Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Married to Helen Sims
 Married 18 Aug 1909
 Place
 Death 28 Apr 1949



Joseph C McDonald
 8 Oct 1866
 Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 1) Mary Elizabeth Giles 2) Minnie /
 1) 22 Feb 1886 2) 26 Jan 1916/Sonderegger
 Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 2 Jul 1937

**7th Child** Isaac David McDonald

Birth 14 July 1879
 Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Married to Ida Adell Clift
 Married 2 Oct 1901
 Place
 Death 16 Apr 1942

**3rd Child** Rachel McDonald

Birth 15 Nov 1868
 Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Married to Abraham Lewis Smith
 Married 18 Jan 1893
 Place
 Death 2 Aug 1916

**8th Child**

Birth
 Place
 Married to
 Married
 Place

**4th Child** James X McDonald

Birth 15 Feb 1872
 Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Married to Effie Jolly
 Married 11 Nov 1908
 Place
 Death 2 Aug 1916

**9th Child**

Birth
 Place
 Married to
 Married
 Place

**5th Child** Mary Ann McDonald

Birth 22 Dec 1873
 Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah
 Married to Peter Ralph Sims
 Married 21 Mar 1902
 Place
 Death 7 Feb 1936



Place Picture
of Child in
Left Blank

Place Picture
of Wife or
Husband in
Right Blank

Or Wedding Picture To Cover
Both Blanks

10th Child

Birth
 Place
 Married to
 Married
 Place

PLACES:

Sharon, Windsor, Vt.

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS OR,

DATES: 14 Apr 1794

GROUP
RECORD

To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the person submitting the sheet, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

HUSBAND Joseph Smith MCDONALD

Born 15 Oct 1842

Place Crawfordsburn, Down County, Ireland

Chr.

Place

Marr. 1863

Place

Died 15 Feb 1930

Place Daniel, Wasatch, Utah

Bur. 18 Feb 1930

Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER James MCDONALD

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES 2) Mary Marlinda JONES (31 Dec 1883) Sld 18 May 1898

WIFE 1) Nancy Elizabeth CUMMINGS

Born 7 Sept 1843

Place

Chr.

Place

Died 18 Oct 1881

Place Daniel, Wasatch, Utah

Bur.

Place Heber City, Wasatch, Utah

WIFE'S FATHER John, CUMMINGS

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

CHILDREN

List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth
Given Names SURNAME

WHEN BORN

DAY

MONTH

YEAR

WHERE BORN

TOWN

COUNTY

STATE OR
COUNTRY

DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE

TO WHOM

DAY

WHEN DIED

MONTH

YEAR

SEX M F	HUSBAND 1850 Re-30 Aug 1896	WIFE 1853 10 Jul 1852	BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Time) WIFE TO HUSBAND
			13 Jul 1867	13 Jul 1867	13 Jul 1867
1 F	Sarah Jane MCDONALD	25 Dec 1864	Heber City	Wasatch	Utah
2 M	Joseph C MCDONALD	8 Oct 1866	"	"	"
3 F	Rachel MCDONALD	15 Nov 1868	"	"	"
4 M	James X MCDONALD	15 Feb 1872	"	"	"
5 F	Mary Ann MCDONALD	22 Dec 1873	"	"	"
6 M	John MCDONALD	26 Feb 1876	"	"	"
7 M	Issac David	14 Jul 1879	"	"	"
8					
9					
10					
11					

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

On other side

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

#2 Joseph Md 2) Minnie SONDEREGGER
26 Jan 1916

Mary Malinda Jones McDonald

*(Excerpts from Ila Maughan's book,
James McDonald-Sarah Ferguson,
Their progenitors and their posterity.)*

Mary Malinda Jones McDonald was born March 23, 1863, at Fairview, Sanpete County, Utah, to Elisha and Sarah Ann Cummings Jones, one of eight children. She was scarcely more than a year old when her parents moved to Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah. Her father had purchased ground in the eastern part of town. In addition to farming, he established a blacksmith shop.

Mary attended church and school as much as was possible in those days. She loved to read and always kept good books at hand. She was especially interested in the Book of Mormon and her copy was well worn, for she read it through many times. She also enjoyed fiction stories.

In childhood Mary and her sisters enjoyed the simple pleasures the mountain village afforded. In springtime they would go daily to gather watercress at the spring north of town, and in the autumn they had happy times gathering elderberries and choke cherries which were bottled for winter use.

She learned hard work at an early age. Money was scarce, but people helped one another in times of difficulty. Besides assisting her mother at home, Mary did much to care for her aged grandparents, John and Rachel Cummings. When her mother's sister, Nancy Cummings McDonald, died leaving a family of seven children, the baby only two years old, Mary and her mother went daily to help care for them.

Two years later on Dec. 31, 1883, Mary Malinda Jones was married to the children's father, Joseph Smith McDonald. She was 20 years old, while Joseph was 41. In 1898 they went to the Salt Lake Temple to receive their endowments and be sealed to each other for eternity. Their four living children, Lizzie, Edna, Ina and Otto went with them to be sealed to their parents, along with William and Annie who had died.

This was a big occasion. Joseph's oldest daughter Jane and her husband, Alfred Shelton, went to the temple at the same time and took their family with them that all might be sealed together. Joseph C McDonald (our McDonald family progenitor) with his wife, Mary E. Giles McDonald, went with their family also. (This was his first wife).

The group went in covered wagons. Mary Elizabeth's heart was weak so her husband made a bed in the wagon box that she might rest en route. It was a long, hot and dusty drive. They all stayed at a large rooming house near the temple. There was a stable for the horses. Otto became ill so his mother took him, together with Edna and Ina, and returned by train as far as Provo. They were met there and driven up Provo Canyon, for there was no train into Heber City at that time.

The family lived for eight years in the home Joseph had built in Heber at First West and Third North. Then in 1891 they homesteaded 160 acres of ground in Buysville, later called Daniel. Besides helping Joseph with his first family, Mary bore 10 children of her own, and cared for four orphan boys for many years.

Chester Davis, a half-breed Indian boy, came to live with them when he was about 10 years old and remained until he was married. Nels Peterson came from Denmark with a missionary and the McDalds took him to live with them. His parents had intended to come but

they never arrived. Nels was part of the McDonald family until his death 17 years later.

Arthur Bartell came to live with them when he was 14 years old and remained until he was married. Ernest Bartell, a younger brother of Arthur's, also lived with them for many years.

Mary Malinda was deaf from her youth, but she bore her affliction cheerfully, saying she was happy her sight remained. She did as much as possible in the Church, serving as Relief Society president for three years after the Daniel and Buysville Wards were united. She was a deeply religious woman and taught her family to love the gospel. After suffering with cancer for three years, she died Dec. 7, 1936, at 72 years of age.

The following history of Joseph and Mary Melinda Jones McDonald was written by a granddaughter, Ruby M. Compton. Mary Melinda was the second wife of Joseph. Although she isn't our direct progenitor, she was mother to Joseph's family by his first wife, Nancy Elizabeth Cummings, who was our direct progenitor. This history tells much of the character of Joseph and Mary Melinda and their family life by someone who knew them personally.

*Joseph, Mary Melinda McDonald
by Ruby M. Compton*

(Granddaughter of Joseph and his first wife, Nancy Elizabeth Cummings)

Mary Melinda was born to Elisha and Sarah Ann Cummings Jones. She was raised to do what was at hand to be done. She had seen her mother "Sally" (Sarah Ann) take over the care of Elisha's invalid son from the day of the accident to the day of his death. When Elisha's first wife died, Sally took her large family to raise. Not too long after that Elisha's third wife died, leaving a seven-day old child whom Sally took. Elisha wrote that this left his beloved Sally with 18 children to cook and wash for.

With this kind of example to follow, Mary McDonald could hardly complain about her lot. (Mary had helped her mother take care of Joseph's family for two years, then married him. She not only helped raise his and Nancy's family, but eventually had 10 children of her own and took three other young boys into her home.)

I remember Grandma Mary as a very kind and wise woman. She was also a very busy one. The farm was well established when I, the sixth one of Ike's children (*the seventh child of Joseph and Nancy*) came alone, to her house. I remember her as she was taking a round cheese she had made out of the mold. Another time she brought the basket of Winesap and Red Astrachan apples in from the orchard. Or she brought a nice cantaloupe or watermelon from the special spot in garden that was sheltered from the frost. It seemed to me that she knew everything about gardening, and Grandpa knew all about raising apples, cattle and sheep.

I was always interested in the stories Mary's children read aloud after the dishes were done and they were gathered around the table. Mary always sat with her children and listened with interest and pride. Grandpa sat in his chair where he took interest in the punctuation and meaning read into the book he had chosen. Grandpa bought good books for his family, the kind he knew they could use for references in high school and to help them even beyond. The books were passed around the table and each of the children became a good reader.

Mary and the girls gathered around the table for days before Decoration Day to make crepe paper flowers. They laughed and talked and made room for anyone who wanted to help. I always felt proud that they treated me as an equal even though I was not yet in school.

Grandpa always managed to take his children to the circus, but Mary was not too interested in circuses. She said (that) every man should be alone with his children at least one day a year. The boys had new caps and knee breeches and the girls were dainty in their pretty dresses and hair ribbons as they took off for town. This was about the only day she had to herself. Usually there were children, friends, and grandchildren all over the place.

From spring until late fall they kept the doors swinging, but the thought of how it would be with no children around got her moving to the large chest of drawers in which the girls said she kept the Christmas gifts she worked on, whenever she had spare time.

As I grew up, I saw Mary grow older but she kept herself busy. We were living in Heber and she was in town while Gladys did some shopping. Our dog, Spot, never welcomed anyone not accompanied by one of the family. Mary looked at him and opened the gate and he snarled. As we came out the door to stop him, she said, "Now Spot, you stop smiling at me."

I had been away for a few years, and I was saddened to realize that she was quite deaf, but she had lost none of her courage.

From the time I was a child there had been a casual dinner on the lawn for Grandpa on his birthday. At the last one, there were over 300 people - children and infants- there. There had been a five-generation picture taken of Grandpa, Joseph C, Clarence, Della and her baby, all consecutive descendants of one branch of the family. (This picture is in this book with Joseph's history.) Each of Grandpa's children was given one of the pictures and a copy of Grandpa's autobiography that Della had typed for that purpose. The family had taken up a contribution and bought a nice overstuffed chair for the occasion for Grandpa.

I heard one of the family saying, "Good old Grandpa, think of all the parties he has given the family. I know of no one more generous." I looked at the group around that person and said, "I do, it is Grandma Mary. If she had said no to any of the work involved, there would have been no parties."

Mary Melinda was a woman beautiful in spirit.

Ruby M Compton (Ike's 6th child)

*In some records Melinda is spelled Malinda.

FAMILY GROUP SHEET

*Christening date requested only in case of birth date (not LDS).
Church Blessing.
His other wives or husbands in order of marriage.
His complete maiden name for all females.

Genealogical
Data
For
HusbandGenealogical
Data
For Wife

HUSBAND Joseph Smith McDonald

Birth 15 Oct 1842

Place Belfast Ireland County Down

Place Daniel, Wasatch, Utah

Place Heber, Wasatch, Utah

Place Sarah Jane Ferguson

Place

*Chr. 15 Feb 1930

Death 18 Feb 1930

Burial 18 Feb 1930

Father James McDonald

Mother

Married 31 Dec 1883

Other Wives 1) Nancy Elizabeth Cummings

(If any)

WIFE 2) Mary Melinda Jones

Birth 23 Mar 1863

Place Mt Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah

Place Daniel, Wasatch, Utah

Place Heber, Wasatch, Utah

Place Sarah Ann Cummings

Mother

*Chr. 7 Dec 1936

Death 10 Dec 1936

Burial 10 Dec 1936

Father Elisha Wm Jones

Mother

Other Husb. (If any)

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting.
Homestead Certificate No. 5067.

Application 8146.

I whereas there has been deposited in
General Land Office of the United States a certificate of the Register of
Land Office at Salt Lake City Utah Territory, set forth; it appears that
pursuant to the act of Congress approved 2d May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads
to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain" and the acts supplemental thereto
the claim of Joseph S. McDonald has been established and duly consummated
conformity to law, for the Northwest quarter of section seventeen in
Township four south of Range five East of Salt Lake Meridian in said
Territory, containing one hundred and sixty acres, according to the official
Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the General Land Office
the Surveyor General.

More know, That there is, therefore granted by the United States unto
said Joseph S. McDonald the tract of Land above described, to have and
hold the said tract of land, with the appurtenances thereto, unto the said
Joseph S. McDonald and his heirs and assigns forever, subject to any
and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing or
purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with
such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local courts
laws, and decisions of courts, and also subject to the right of the proprietors
minerals to extract and remove his ore therefrom, should the same
be found to penetrate or intersect the premises hereby granted, as provided
by law.

Isa testimony whereof I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United
States of America have caused these letters to be made Patent, and
Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, the fifteenth
of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
ninety four and of the Independence of the United States the
hundred and ninetieth

(SEAL)

By the President Grover Cleveland

By M. M. Stewart Secretary

L. D. C. Lessor

Recording the General Land Office

Recorded, Vol. 1, Page 349.

Recorded Oct 13 1902 at 5:15 P.M.

John J. Giles

County Recorder